Truths Integrity,

OR,

A Curious *Northern* Ditty Called,

Love will find out the Way. To a pleasant new tune.

OVer the Mountains
and under the waves,
Over the Fountains,
and under the Graves:
Under flods which are the deepest,
which do Neptune obey,
Over Rocks which are the steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
for the Glow-worm to lye,
Where there is no place
for the receipt of a fly,
where the gnat she dares not venter
lest her self fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter,
and will, &c.

You may esteem him,
a child of his force,
Or you may deem him,
a coward which is worse.
But if he whom Love doth honour,
be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will, &c.

Some think to lose him,
which is too unkind,
And some do suppose him,
poor heart to be blind,
But if he were hidden,
do the best you may,
Blind Love if so you call him,
will find, &c.

Well may the Eagle
stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inbeagle
the Phenix of the East.
With fear the Tygers
to give over their prey,
But never stop a Lover,
he will, &c.

From Dover to Barwick,
and Nations throughout,
Brave Guy Earl of Warwick,
that Champion so stout.
With his warlike behaviour,
through the world he did ring,
To win his Phillis favour,
Love will, &c,

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After Adventures
and policy grave.
To see whom he desired,
his Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
Love will find out the way.

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The ſecond Part, To the ſame tune,

THE Gordion knot,
which True Lovers knit,
Undo you cannot
nor yet break it.
Make uſe of your Inventions,
their fancyes to betray,
To fruſtrate your Intentions,
Love will find out the way;

From Court to the Cottage,
in Bower and Hall,
From the King to the Begger.
Love conquers all.
Though here ſo ſtout and Lordly
ſtrive do what you may,
Yet ſure, never ſo hardy;
Love will, &c.

Love hath power over Princes,
and greateſt Emperour,
In any Provinces,
ſuch is Loves power.
There is no reſiſting
but him obey,
In ſpight of all conteſting,
Love will, &c,

If that he were hidden,
as all men that are,
Were ſtrictly forbidden,
that place to declare.
Winds that have no abidings,
pitying their delay,
Will come and bring him Tydings,
and direct &c.

If the Earth could part him,
he would gallop it o're.
If the Seas ſhould overthwart him,
he will ſwim to the ſhore.
Should his Love become a ſwalow
through the Ayre to ſtray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
and will find out the way.

There is no ſtriving,
to croſſe his intent,
There is no contriving,
his plots to prevent.
But if once the Meſſenger gréet him
that his True love doth ſtay,
If death ſhould come and mét him,
Love will find out the way.

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